

AMONG THE WITS AND WAGS.

Sullivan's Striking Attitude as a Modern Marc Antony. A MILLIONAIRE REPORTER. The Vanquished Car and the Cause of It—Tooter Barretone's Pun—A Variety of Polished, Pointed Smiles.

Sullivan as Marc Antony. Washington Critic. Friends, slugs, toughs, et al, give me your ears! I come to bury Caesar—not to slay him. Because I slugged him yesterday evening, and that is why he lies here now. The evil that men do lives after them; the good is often forgotten with their bones. And Julius is no exception. The press hath told you Caesar was ambitious—'tis not the press that has killed him, but the greed of such religious weeklies. As you are not subscribing for a present—And, fellow citizens, I think he was, or he would never have stood up before a man of my talents. You bet he wouldn't! Caesar didn't know what was good for him! Till Boston's prize and joy had knocked him out. And then it was too late to utilize his knowledge. But yesterday your Julius Caesar might have stood against the world; now lies he here, and none so poor to do him reverence. While I stand here, unseated, unseated, and my feet are filled with your money. If you have tears to shed prepare to shed them now. You all do know this mantle. I remember the last time Caesar put it on to seek; he got four dollars and a quarter on it; and with that sum we painted all Rome red! But I am off my base. That Caesar is knocked out is plain, and quite as plain, I knocked him out. I caught him on the chin—great Caesar fell. And what a fall was there, my countrymen! I came not, friends, to steal away your hearts. I am to order as some men do. But as you know me all, a plain, blunt man, that loves my friends and gets full occasionally. Therefore, thank you for your attention and I am yours truly, John W. Sullivan.

He Handled Sullivan. Pittsburg Dispatch. "Delaware" exclaimed Smithers, "talk about Sullivan; why, sir, I saw a man one night deliberately pull him by the nose." "He did, eh?" "Well, I'll bet that fellow suffered for it." "You'd lose your bet, then." "Didn't Sullivan pulverize him?" "No, sir, he didn't; and the fellow that pulled the big fellow's head clear around in doing it." "And Sullivan never said a word?" "No, sir, the other fellow did all the talking." "What did he say?" "Well, he said a number of things; among other things I heard him remark more than once: 'Does the razor hurt, sir?'"

Some Millionaires. Chicago Herald. At the opera the other night was a young newspaper man who knows a good many people. He sat in a free seat, attired in a borrowed dress suit, and with barely enough cash in his pockets to pay the carriage and street-car fare for the elegant young lady of good family and fine accomplishment who had accepted his escort. Between the acts he hurried to be excused, and retired for a few moments to the foyer, where he was seen in conversation with a large, plain-looking man and a handsome man with a brown mustache. "I don't like to speak of such things," he said to the young lady on returning to his seat, "as I think that boasting of one's wealth is about the most vulgar thing out. But it is a singular coincidence that while I was standing in the foyer just now two gentlemen came up and entered into conversation with me. As we were talking I happened to think that the three of us were worth four million and a half dollars."

The Scoundrel Recognized. Detroit Free Press. "Young man!" shouted the retail tobacconist, "didn't I caution you to keep your eyes peeled for plugged silver coins?" "Yes, sir." "Well, here's a plugged half dollar which you have taken in this afternoon while I was out." "Yes, sir, I know I did." "You knew it was plugged and yet you accepted it?" "Yes, sir, I hadn't the moral courage to refuse."

The Cause Of It. Brook Heights in the Judge. But late Professor Tertakoff was used to give the data. Amid the jaculations of Old Terr's vaudeville. He bucked his new seismometer in favor of his latter. And remarked that infertile attributed the same to an embolism of the sub-reptilian caudus tonstritarius with the cartilaginous cephalopoda and a sequent displacement of the terrestrial sub-reptilian caudus tonstritarius. Just here Professor G. O. Leger caught on to Tooter's charge. And with a nose suspicious of some part in a regatta. That part where bibulans do make the fermentations scintillate. He asserted that a delinquency of the miteous deposita of the ante jurassic collocation and a contemporaneous tripodation of the rossiferata.

Whereat Professor Jokemall—Attendant at the spatter. Of occult sentences outgrown. From geologic barren. Remarked, with irony of one. That he be blown if his barometer didn't completely scopy in the presence of such opaque eruptions of what sort of an all-fired palpitation was the matter.

He Got It. Detroit Free Press. "Say!" he called out as he ran up-stairs and entered the first office to the right, "is it true?" "What?" calmly inquired the occupant. "That you have declined to allow your name to be used in the congressional race?" "Well—ahem—you—"

"Then it is true, and I have won a new hat! But, say, will you care, could you have possessed you to decline, when the nomination would be more form, and the election a certainty?" "But, as I was going to remark, I—"

"Oh, certainly, I have no honor—honors enough—an eye on the governorship, and all that, but your friends will be disappointed at the same. We wanted a man the peer of any one in that august body. You had a really fine hat."

"Yes—ahem," coughed the other, who couldn't come within forty miles of declining a nomination, "you spoke to me the other day about—let's see—"

"Oh, yes, I did want a loan of \$35, but I skirted around and—"

ple's busts. I'm just getting over one of my own."

Dollar a Bottle. First Customer (to barber)—Have you got anything that will take the curl out of hair, barber? Barber—You bet. That electric elixir of mine will do it. Second Customer (to same barber)—Have you got anything that will make hair curl, barber? Barber—You bet. That electrical elixir of mine will do it like a charm.

A Champion Liar. There is a liar in California trying to hoodwink the liars who get up the circulation statements for the daily papers. The California liar says: "Bill Vanders, who fell through the roof of a sawmill when the boiler exploded last week, coughed up a circular saying a piece of lung to-day. Dr. Wilkins put the lung back under Vanders's shirt and set it by the steam gauge. He was so far recovered this evening that he blew the bottom out of the lung-fester, and the water in the machine nearly drowned a Baptist preacher. It is believed that the ducking the preacher received will prevent him from coughing next Sunday morning. Vanders, who was the engineer at the time of the boiler explosion, was not in the all, but the owner of the mill made repairs to the hole in the roof at his own expense, besides bringing suit for the recovery of the saw."

The Vanquished Cat. New York Sun. Out of the window a man leaped with a look of despair. Listening with haggard face to a cat whose melody rent the air. He threw down an old bootjack. But the cat never heard it fall; he sat on the fence and reared his back, and continued his dismal wail. He reached for his gun and fired. He shouted "halloo!" "See!" But it was no use, the same old song came forth from the same old cat. But a ray of hope. Lighted the man's despair. Out of the window he leaped once more into the damp night air. And a smile of infinite peace. Over his features fell. The song of the cat died out in the night. As he rang his chains.

How She Felt the Earthquake. "Did you feel the earthquake, Mrs. Elmhurst?" "Faith, an' I did." "There was you?" "In the cellar. I was groping in the dark among the winter preserves." "Preserves? Ye're gettin' very high-toned."

Accidentally Arrested and Convicted. Detroit Post. "And that prisoner over there turning broom handles," said the guide, who was showing a party through the Michigan City prison the other day, "was the trusted bookkeeper for a firm Indianapolis. He embezzled about \$15,000."

An Agricultural Fair. Estelle (D. T.) Bell. "What class do you want to enter your horse in?" said the president of the agricultural fair, as he met the honest farmer at the gate. "Enter my horse! I ain't got no hoss to enter nowhere."

They Never Never Do. Detroit Free Press. On one of them telephone circuits in the western part of the city, where four subscribers use the same line, one of them was called up the other day by a second on a matter of business. "You say you paid \$2 per yard?" queried the first. "No, I didn't say exactly."

An Autograph Album Victim. Lynn Union. He wrestled full long with the dictionary book. For a valiant night was he: Nor bread, nor wine, nor rest he took, Nor thoughtless reverie; For thoughtless with the comely nymph-like book. And the languishing, melting eye Had caused him to write in her autograph book.

His Countdown. Rambler. After Mr. Tooter Barretone had sung "Chasing Skeeets in the Dark" Mr. Celluloid Skeeet asked of the interlocutor. "William, can you tell me why angels' visits are like Chicago sewers?" "I don't know, Richard," replied the interlocutor, in his rich basso voice, "why are angels' visits like Chicago sewers?" "Because, sir, they are phew! and far better."

He Hears It in a Theatre Box and Recognizes an Old Friend. Chicago Herald. An incident occurred at the Grand Opera house Friday which brought back to the minds of the interested parties a vivid recollection of times long ago. In a box, surrounded by a party of friends, sat Buffalo Bill. Two days previous he had left his Wild West show in the east, intending to spend a week or two at his home in North Platte, Neb., but had broken his journey at Chicago, to see his partner, Nate Salisbury. The first act of "The Brook" had just concluded, when, amid the applause, Buffalo Bill noticed a peculiar sound, similar to the cry of a young coyote. The sound attracted no attention from any one else, but it caused the ex-scout to cast a hurried glance around the house. He saw a man in a dark suit, who looked up and down at him with a look of hope and astonishment. As his eyes rested on a box opposite him he saw a person waving his hand to him, and in an instant mistaking the man for a partner of mine, whom I haven't seen for twenty years. Nobody but he knows that cry, he remarked, as he hastily left the box.

BARBARA'S MISTAKE. "Barbara, let us go and walk by the river to the bridge." "No, Lieutenant Gresham; the day is much too warm," she said, lazily. "I can't say never ask you again."

she was already close by. As she saw them she hesitated, then approached. She inclined her head as they lifted their hats to show their respect. Mark Gresham arose and stood transfixed as he watched her go by. "Gresham seems rather struck. Why don't you go and make her acquaintance, and tender our sincere sympathies for her in her trying position?"

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

The Campaign of General Miles in Arizona and Its Results. The Apache Bloodhound Begged to Come In and Tendered a Pass to Florida—Lawton's Services Overestimated.

THE COURT HAD A FELLOW-FEELING. Texas Siftings: Major Gassaway, a prominent San Antonio lawyer, is famous for his long speeches. They are so long they cause the clients to get long sentences from the exasperated jury. Recently Major Gassaway defended a murderer, and addressed the jury off and on for the better part of two days. The jury gave the man imprisonment for life in the penitentiary, and they would have given Gassaway twice as much if they could have legally done so. When Judge Noonan, who was on the bench, asked the doomed man the usual question as to his having objection to sentence being pronounced on him according to law, the latter replied, "I think, your honor, that the time consumed by my attorney in addressing the jury ought to be deducted from my term of imprisonment." Judge Noonan said he thought so too.

Dividing the Estate. Rambler: "Ah, good morning, Mr. Skinner," remarked Lawyer Fieccem, as he met his fellow-lawyer on the street; "I hear old Richfield died last night." "Yes," responded the other; "I am the attorney for his daughter and I'm just getting up to see the will." "Indeed?" "Well, I'm the attorney for his son. Can't we make a little something out of this?" Lawyer Skinner stroked his chin reflectively. "I think we might," he said. "I'll advise Miss Richfield to contest the will. I'll tell her that her brother has no right to half the estate, and that if she will only go to court she might as well have it all." "Um—yes; and I'll defend it for her brother. But suppose I am defeated?" "Then appeal it."

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"I will," said Mark, promptly, and moved off in the direction she had taken. She was leaning against a must, looking dejected. As he drew near he raised his cap. "Baron me—"

"She had thrown back her veil, and as she turned around in a startled way he saw Barbara, a few years older, but more beautiful than ever."

"Barbara, I felt sure it was you. I have been seeking you for many weary months, and now that I have found my dear girl I shall never let her slip away from me again."

"Mark, can you ever forgive me, after the cruel way in which I treated you?" "Never mind—that is all past now. I shall never forgive myself for taking you at your word. Can you not redeem your promises made so long ago, and marry me?" "Yes," she whispered.

The President After Marriage. Philadelphia Telegraph: Married life has improved the president. He is a

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THE GREAT SUCCESS

With which we have met in the disposal of the several specialties we advertised during the last week has proven to us that the people of Omaha appreciate bargains whenever they are offered, and in order to keep the ball rolling we have placed on our bargain counters for this week the following: One lot of Men's All Wool Cassimere Pants at \$2.50, worth at least \$3.50. One lot of Men's Blue Chinchilla Pea Jackets and Vests at \$6.90, worth at least \$9. One lot of medium weight Cassimere Overcoats at \$7.50; sold by other dealers for \$10. Another lot of our celebrated All Wool Men's Cassimere Suits at \$6, which are positively worth at least \$8.50. Our All Wool Scarlet Undershirts and Drawers at 50c each are going fast. All of these specified lots are in rather limited quantities, and those desiring to examine them will find it to their interest to do so at once. ALL GOODS AT STRICTLY ONE PRICE AND MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES.

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